The Middletown Transcript.

VOL. XVII. MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 22, 1884. NO. 8.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

WEST & CARROLL!

BARR'S OLD STAND. ESTABLISHED 1844.

DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS!

PERFUMERY, TOILET AND FANCY ARTICLES, FINE SOAPS, BRUSHES, PATENT MEDICINES, AND DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES GENERALLY.

Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes.

WINDOW GLASS, PUTTY, &c.

☞ The *Prescription Department* will be under the care of Dr. Carroll.

BARR'S COLOGNE AND BARR'S FAMILY PILLS ALWAYS ON HAND. dec.15-tf.

J. F. McWHORTER,

Grain Com'n. Merchant,

AND DEALER IN AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.,

STOREROOM IN COCHRAN BLOCK, MAIN STREET.

The Middletown Agency for the following well tried Agricultural Implements:—

THE DEERING SELF-BINDING HARVESTER!

THE OLDEST SELF-BINDER, and one that has never failed. Gave entire satisfaction last season to all who tried it. SIZES—6, 7 and 8 feet.

Edmonston & Waddell Sulky Cultivator,

Over 100 sold in this neighborhood this year.

One-horse Iron-edge Cultivators; the Syracuse and South Bend Plows; also, extras including.

Solid SLIP SHARE FOR ALL PLOWS, (exclusive agency for Middletown and vicinity).

VANWINKLE GRAIN FAN AND PENNOCK CORN SHELLER, THOMPSON HORSE RAKE, 5 feet Wheel, cannot be excelled for bunching and raking;

☞ Rubber and Leather Belting, and Rubber Hose, of all styles furnished cheap.

☞ Farmers who purchase machines of me will find them to be as represented.

☞ N. B.—AGENTS FOR GILL & FISHER, EUROPEAN SHIPPERS, PHILADELPHIA AND BALTIMORE.

☞ Grain Wanted at all times. Mch16-tf.

Oysters! Oysters!!

I shall now keep constantly on hand the best Oysters that can be found in market.

Morris River Cove Plants,

FOR PLATING AND FRYING;

Tangier Sounds,

AND

Johnson's Bays,

FOR STEWING AND GENERAL FAMILY USE.

☞ Prices as low as can be found elsewhere

So much for the Oyster side of the house.

The other side is devoted to

CONFECTIONS,

OF THE FINEST QUALITY;

Also, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUITS AND NUTS. CAKES, CRACKERS, ETC., ETC.

E. B. RICE, Agt.

Sept. 28-tf. Middletown, Del.

GROCERIES! GROCERIES!

When you want Staple or Fancy Groceries, and at as low prices as you can buy them in the city, it will pay you to call at the store of

W. M. VANDEGRIFT,

ODESSA, DELAWARE.

We do not claim to have the largest stock in the county, or to sell groceries cheaper than anybody else, but we do claim to keep always a fresh and carefully selected stock of just such goods as you are wanting for daily use, as well as for only occasional use, and to sell them as low as you can buy them anywhere.

IN CANNED GOODS we have all the best brands, including those of the Watkins' Packing Company. EVAPORATED FRUITS of our own curing, very fine and cheap.

MEATS AND FISH.

Salt Meats and Salt Fish of all kinds. Hams, whole or sliced. FLOUR, MEAL AND FEED, The Wm. Lee & Sons Co's best grades of Family Flour, Syrups, Molasses, Sugar, Coffee, Teas, Mince Meats, Preserved Fruits, Cheese, Pickles, by quart or dozen; Spices of all kinds, and everything else usually kept in a first-class grocery store.

☞ COUNTRY PRODUCE BOUGHT FOR CASH OR TRADE.

Boots, Shoes and Notions.

We have a Boot, Shoe and Notion Department, in which we keep a well selected stock; Men's Fine and Coarse Boots, Ladies', Misses', and Children's Fine Shoes, and a general assortment of Rubbers, Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods and Notions; a full stock at low prices.

After January 1st, 1884, our business will be conducted on the CASH SYSTEM, which we have found by experience to be the only system by which we can sell goods at low profits.—It is the best system for buyer and seller.

Dec. 28-tf. W. M. VANDEGRIFT, Odessa, Del.

Everybody's Doctor!

BY ROBERT A. GUNN, M. D.

Everybody's Doctor contains 684 octavo pages, and is printed on fine paper and is handsomely bound. It is sold at the low price of three ($3.00) dollars a copy, so as to bring it within the reach of all.

The work differs from all other books on Domestic Medicine in having the diseases systematically arranged according to their classification. Everything is described in the plainest possible language, and the prescriptions are written out in plain English, so that they can be employed by any intelligent reader.

Parents will find it a reliable adviser in everything relating to the rearing of their children.

Every family can save fifty times the price of the book every year, by consulting it.

It is complete in all its parts, and is the most recent book of the kind published.

If you have Dyspepsia, find out how to cure it by reading *Everybody's Doctor*.

You can learn how to cure catarrh by consulting *Everybody's Doctor*.

For habitual Constipation, read *Everybody's Doctor*.

For all diseases of the Lungs and air passages, consult *Everybody's Doctor*.

You can cure Croup and Whooping Cough by following the treatment given in *Everybody's Doctor*.

For the cure of Piles, read *Everybody's Doctor*.

The book will be sent free by mail or express on receipt of three dollars.

☞ *We refer to the Editor of this paper as to the book.*

Address,

NICKLES PUBLISHING CO.,
29 Ann St., New York City.

Send for Circular. ☞ Agents Wanted.

Exclusive Territory Guaranteed.

dec.7-6m

WALL PAPER

AT

D. L. DUNNING'S.

We have just added to our already large line of Wall Paper over

2,000 Pieces of the Latest Patterns

FOR 1883.

MR. GEORGE G. ROWE, a practical Paper Hanger, is still with us, and will guarantee all work done in a satisfactory manner.

☞ CEILINGS DECORATED WHEN DESIRED.

jan 27-tf

ESTABLISHED 1832.

ODESSA WAGON WORKS.

Constantly on hand a large stock of well seasoned

LUMBER.

PLOWS,

AND

PLOW CASTINGS,

HARROWS, ROLLERS, CULTIVATORS,

AND

Farming Implements Generally,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

AT

REDUCED PRICES.

CELEBRATED

"PIONEER" STUMP PULLER,

GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE

Popular Champion Mower & Reaper

AND THE ONLY WHOLLY SUCCESSFUL

CORD BINDER Yet Produced.

DIAMOND IRON PLOWS,
HAGERSTOWN DRILLS AND RAKES,
COMLY SELF DUMP RAKES,
LADAW WHEEL HARROWS,
"PLANET JR.," HORSE HOES, &c., &c.,

L. V. ASPRIL & SON

ODESSA, DEL.

apr22-tf

Farmers, Attention!

Having recently purchased the Fixtures of the Harness Store at Odessa, Del., and having twenty years experience, I am prepared to furnish those desiring,

ALL KINDS OF

HORSE AND DRIVING GOODS.

My stock has been carefully selected, and comprises all the necessary harness for Work and Driving Horses,

ROBES, PLAIN AND FANCY CARRIAGE BLANKETS, HORSE COVERS, &c.

REPAIRING neatly done by an experienced workman, and goods made to order guaranteed to give satisfaction.

☞ Prices as low as the lowest.

DEWITT C. LEGG,
jan.18-3m. Odessa, Del.

"WITH THE MAGIC OF MY SONG."

BY MINNIE C. BALLARD.

I would cheer thee, I would cheer thee,
"With the magic of my song,"
And in fancy still be near thee
Though the waiting days be long.

I would sing of love and duty,
I would sing of patience crowned;
I would show the all th' beauty
Truth and steadfastness have found.

I would prove that brave endeavor
Should be blessed with joy at last;
Noble striving faileth never
To achieve its longings vast.

And thy burden should grow lighter,
And the time seem not so long;
All thy disappointment slighter,
For "the magic of my song."

—*Philadelphia Times.*

Written for the Middletown Transcript.

ONLY A WOMAN'S COLUMN.

It seems that ever since the year came in there has been one excitement after another, and what with local politics, and the skeleton bridegroom, the city papers are not at a loss for items. The fearful disaster to the steamship Columbus has filled every heart with horror. Then the Nutt trial has given a wide field for discussion. Of course no one was surprised when he was cleared, but the plea of insanity, it seems to me to be almost ludicrous, for it appears that every murderer enters it; and then it brings forth the fact (that every one wishes to conceal and deny), the insanity of various members of the family. If we search families thoroughly on both sides, we can nearly always, if we wish, trace up some insane member, or eccentric member, or crank member.—Our smartest men are guilty of harboring some hobby. Now, there is our Ex-Mayor R. Vaux,—he wears a white hat in winter, and a black one in summer; a ring on his thumb, because every one else wears it on the finger. And our United States Attorney General, B. H. Brewster, is a crank in his dress, and wears nothing made in the United States, but every thing comes from London. I had a friend who died some time ago, and because he had had a stroke of paralysis before marriage his brother tried to prove him insane and gobble up the property from wife and children. He said he was insane. I was a good bit enlightened during the trial as to certain medical ideas, or whatever they may be termed. Two doctors gave in their evidences—one the regular physican, and Dr. Mills, consulting physician. They said paralysis was always preceded by softening of the brain; that is, that softening of the brain was followed by paralysis in some degree and that it was secondary; sometimes only one limb, or two, or all one side, or the tongue, &c. That a person with softening of the brain could carry on business as well as any one else; it just depended on what area of the brain was affected. Now I always thought any one with softening of the brain was an imbecile. Now my friend was very eccentric, did the most unaccountable things, kept his marriage secret, with no earthly reason; men swore he was crazy, had heard him say over and over that he was crazy; but the doctors swore he was not crazy, but very intelligent and collected, and so the widow gained her suit, as she ought to have done. So it seems that the insanity plea is used by every lawyer, either one way or an other, until it amounts almost to a farce. We have here a remarkable occurrence, in which the insanity plea will be entered. At the dime museum a living skeleton is exhibited. A bright, pretty girl, with some education, fell in love with or was fascinated by him and married to him. After living with him two days she ran away home, and has been crazy ever since. Though her father says she has been crazy since the first of July. If this is the case, why was she allowed to frequent public places of amusement alone, for weeks together, all the way from Hestonville? Why was she not under restraint or watched? If her mind was wrong, she might have been lured into something worse than marriage in a large, wicked city like Philadelphia. I have heard from those who knew her. She was what is called a flirt: Respectable and showy, could sing well, and play the piano; but would flirt innocently (you know), and this terrible trouble has come out of her flirting with a skeleton. The minister who married them comes in for his full share of censure also; he is liable to a fine of one thousand dollars and imprisonment for one year, according to the law of the State. If her father had forced her to marry this monstrosity for money, or other reasons, what a terrible time there would have been; but for a pretty young girl of eighteen to marry a "freak" of her own accord, is clean beyond every one's comprehension.

We have two brutal murderers in jail—McGinniss, who killed his mother-in-law and tried to kill his wife, and Briggs, who cut his wife's throat in the cellar without any provocation. Both have lawyers who plead insanity for them. Last week a doctor in the University shot another doctor and was hurried off to New York and fastened up in a lunatic asylum before the deed was known by the authorities. The other doctors said it was emotional insanity. By what right they could hustle a criminal out side of reach and land him into an insanse asylum remains to be seen. Young Nutt may be weak and silly, but he had a brave heart to kill the worse than murderer Dukes; but it is a pity he could not have been cleared on any other plea than the almost farcical one of "emotional insanity."

Another case in this city which has attracted a great deal of attention is that of Mr. Merideth, a lawyer who has just succeeded in being released from an insane asylum. He imagined voices pursued him, and several at a time, but in other particulars he was unusually intelligent and gifted. His lawyer, in his pleading, remarked that insane persons had various illusions of a very laughable character; for instance—he heard of one who imagined his head was so big that he could not possibly go through a door, and Furman Shephard (the lawyer,) added, smilingly, that he thought if any of the doctors who placed Mr. Merideth in chains were ever affected with insanity it would take that form. Mr. Merideth has never harmed any one or attempted to do anthing rash or unusual, so he was set at liberty by the jury after fifteen minutes deliberation.

Politics are at a boiling heat. What, with the cleansing of the Gas Trust Company, the death of our new Controller Jefferies, the mixture of Hunter, King and Shepherd, the darkies endorsing King, Democrat, for Mayor, and a Democrat going back into the Controller's office by appointment of the Governor, to say nothing of the Tariff question and Fitz John Porter's case, it would keep one busy reading to catch up in a month. And we have peerless Patti and Guester, and Booth and Barret, and Mgr. Capel filling the places of amusements to overflowing. So it goes on; some hearts weary and some hearts light; sunshine and shadow side by side, and the ceaseless murmur of the busy city goes on the same. No matter who dies, who sings, or who is born; some may cause a ripple, as of a stone thrown in the sea, making a circle farther and farther away until lost to eye and memory forever. So as one steps away in death or disaster their place is filled, he is mourned or talked of for a day, and then comes oblivion.

—ROSALEINE.

What Kings Cost.

It is interesting to compare the expense of maintaining a monarch on a throne, and that of supporting a President in the executive chair of a Republic.

For many years the salary of the President of the United States was $25,000 a year. This sum, indeed, did not represent the entire cost to the country of the executive office. The White House was supported, to some extent, from the public purse; and there were sundry other sums spent on the President's office. The salary of the President was raised to $50,000 a year during Gen. Grant's term, and continues at that figure; and the whole expense to-day of the Presidential office is probably something less than $100,000 yearly.

The cost of kingships in the various monarchies of Europe is much greater, even in the smaller nations. The sovereigns, in the old days, used to spend pretty much what they pleased out of the public revenue. They were mostly absolute, and would impose taxes at will, and so raise an indefinite income for their own display and pleasures.

This is still the case with the Czar of Russia, whose expenditures are never reported and cannot be estimated. The Sultan of Turkey, too, has power to raise all the taxes he can squeeze out of his impoverished and indolent subjects, and cannot be called to account for his spendings.

But in all other European monarchies the sovereign is restricted. Absolute despotism with them has been replaced by constitutional systems. The Emperor or King can only spend what is voted to him by the Parliament or Congress. A device new to this century, called the Civil List, has been adopted by nearly every monarchical country, and also by the French Republic.

The Civil List is designed to provide the sovereigns with a fixed income. It comprises a number of items, or heads of expenditure; and these are discussed and passed upon each year by the several legislative bodies.

Of course, each sovereign has a greater or smaller private property of his own as a family inheritance, with which his subjects have nothing to do. The revenues he receives from the Civil List, therefore, are what might be called his salary in his public capacity, and by no means show what his entire income is.

The English Civil List, for instance, provides Queen Victoria with an income of about two million dollars. But she has also a large private fortune, so that her receipts for the year reach over three million dollars.

Germany provides the veteran Emperor William with a Civil List of about three million dollars; which it must be difficult for a monarch so frugal and simple in his tastes and habits to get rid of in the course of a year. His private property, moreover, adds at least a million to that vast sum.

King Humbert of Italy's Civil List is three million eighty thousand dollars a year, somewhat larger than that of the German Emperor; while young Alfonso of Spain has only about a million and a half, so impoverished are the people of his historic kingdom.

The lesser nations are, of course, more economical. The sovereign of Denmark has a Civil List allowance of two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars a year; which, however, is three times what our President costs. The King of Holland gets three hundred thousand dollars, and the King of Greece two hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

Thus it is evident that, without regard to any other aspect of the difference between monarchies and republics, at least the former is much the more costly luxury of the two to the masses of the people who have to pay the bills.

WASN'T AFRAID.

"Have I ever been scared?" said old Martson in reply to a question, during a conversation around a table, where glasses were many, and where a tall bottle held the lion's share of attention. "Oh, no, I have never been scared. Haven't had my hair to rise like bristles on a dog's back. I have seen men, though, who could not be frightened. Luke Prine, a young fellow who once lived in our neighborborhood, was this sort of a man. I don't know how he achieved the distinction, for I never saw him fight anybody, but he had it, and was proud of the fact. He was too much of a gentleman to be a bully, but it seemed to me as though he never lost an opportunity, particularly among strangers, to intimate that he was known as the game man of the community.

"Luke and I traveled together once, and he had an ample opportunity to display his courage. This occurred in the days when railroads were unknown in Arkansaw, and all long journeys across the country were made horseback. Luke and I, full of life and with prospects bright and mirth-inspiring, set out for a distant part of the State, with a view to surveying and entering rich tracts of land. Houses along the road, if a road it could be called, were very few, and we sometimes had to sleep in the open air. I would occasionally express a fear of highwaymen, but Luke always laughed at me, and seemed, to my irritatien, to desire an adventure with the lawless gentlemen of the woods.

"'What's the use of being afraid?' he said, 'haven't we got good pistols.'

"'Yes, but they might shoot us before we see 'em.'

"'Have no fears on that account. Nature did not give me good eyes for nothing. One of my uncles was killed somewhere along here.'

"'You don't tell me so?'

"'Certainly I tell you so, but you needn't be frightened, for he killed two of them before they got him.'

"'Very little consolation to him.'

"'Oh, no, he seemed to enjoy it, for when found with a bullet hole through his head, he had one of the brightest smiles on his face you ever saw.'

"'But I am not of such a cheerful temperament. I might kill a thousand assailants and even then I would not smile at death.'

"'You wouldn't mind it after getting used to it.'

"'I never saw a man who treated grim matters as jocosely as you do. I don't believe you are afraid of anything.'

"'To tell you the truth in confidence, old boy, I'm not. I never saw anything that frightened me, and I don't believe I ever will.'

"'You might, after a while, run across something on the supernatural order to bring up your hair.'

"'Hope so, for I think the sensations of fright would do me good.'

"Night, cloudy and without a star, came on and found us near a large, old frame house, which, upon examination, we found had long been deserted. I didn't like the looks of the place, but Luke insisted that it was a regular palace. The weather was too warm to admit of a fire, and after eating our lunch, we spread down our blankets and extinguished the candle to prevent the attraction of the buzzing bugs with which the darkness without seemed to be alive. I had just stretched myself on the floor, when Luke, who had preceded me, exclaimed:

"'Great Lord, what is that!"

"I looked up and saw two great red eyes staring at me in livid unearthliness. I actually thought my scalp would rise up in company with my bristling hair. Luke crawled over to where I sat bolt upright, and clutched my arm with the tight grip of fear. 'What can it be?" he whispered.

"'Oh, Lord,' I prayed—for I never beheld anything so terrible—'have mercy on me.'

"'On me, too. Don't leave me out,' and I could feel him tremble. After awhile he became calmer, and said:

"'I'm going to shoot.'

"I did not reply. He took up his pistol and fired. The eyes didn't even wink. He fired again. The horrible orbs didn't move. I covered up my head and lay for a time in smothering darkness, and, by the instinct of fear, I knew that Luke had followed my example. At last we threw off the blankets. The eyes still glared.

"'Luke,' I ventured to say, 'thought you would never be frightened.'

"'No man can face the devil,' he replied, while his teeth chattered a fearful accompaniment to his words of terror. 'I've seen wild cats and panthers, and almost every other kind of animal, but that thing is the devil, and I'll bet you anything that before day he'll have his pitchfork through both of us.'

"'Are you sure it is not an animal?'

"'Of course I am. An animal can't look always without winking. It's the devil, I tell you.'

"'If it is not an animal, I am not afraid of it, for the devil theory is not so finely spun with me as it is with you. I am going to see what it is.'

"'Don't move, for the Lord's sake. You may not believe that the devil visits the earth, but I know better. My father told me that he'd seen the devil many a time; told me this even after he had become an old man and had married again.'

"'What sort of woman was your stepmother?' I ventured to ask.

"'A regular terror, but that has nothing to do—'

"'Probably that's what the old gentleman meant by seeing the devil?'

"'For goodness sake don't talk so lightly in the very face of the devil himself. Keep still and probably he'll go away.'

"'I'm going to see what it is,' and I arose. The eyes glared at me awfully, and the closer I drew, the more terrible they became, but, having no superstition in my natute, I walked boldly up, and could not suppress a loud laugh.

"'Come here, Luke.'

"'What is it?' hesitating.

"'Never mind, come here.'

"'Are you quite certain it is not the devil?'

"'Quite sure.'

"'Look again.'

"'Come on and you will be ashamed of yourself when you find out what it is.'

He approached cautiously. Finally he exclaimed:

"'Well, if that don't beat anything I ever saw,' and we both sat down and laughed. In the wall there were two large auger holes, on a direct line with a burning log heap, over on a neighboring hill, and through the holes we could see the fire.

"'Now, look here,' Luke remarked, walking back to his blanket, 'as I said before, I am not afraid of a man, and I very seriously advise you not to mention this affair when we get home."

"I respected Luke's confidence, and didn't mention it. One day while a party of us were sitting around, Luke began to blow a little. I took up a gimlet, bored two holes in a shingle, and held up the result of the proposition. Luke didn't say another word."

—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Wheat Fields of the World.

The Mississippi Valley is at present the greatest wheat field of the world, and produces a larger surplus to feed other portions of the United States and of Europe. California has evidently arrived at about her highest production and must now gradually decline, as no soil can stand constant cropping of this cereal which so rapidly exhausts the soil. Labor in California is as high as it is in this valley, but California is three thousand miles farther from home or foreign markets, even if she takes the most expensive way by railroad across the continent to tide water. By water route it is 10,000 miles farther from the markets. So it can never become a successful competitor with the Mississippi Valley.

Russia is a wheat producing country, but their fields are far removed from cheap and efficient transportation. They are ages behind us in skill and machinery but it is really our strongest competitor for supplying the European demand. It has not the capacity to supply the full demand, so we become natural contestants, with the certainty when wheat is cheap at home, and the transportation lines are in a favorable mood, we can drive Russia from the English market.

India, however, has the capacity in amount and richness of soil, as well as cheapness of labor, to supply all of the deficiencies of all other nations. But their labor is stupid, unskilled, and they are deficient in labor-saving implements. In fact, labor is so cheap they do not desire such machinery. And although labor in India for saving and preparing the wheat crop is not one-eighth as much as it is here, our great advantage over them is in distance and cheapness of transportation. The wheat fields of the Mississippi Valley are about 4,000 miles from Liverpool. The fields of India are 6,000 miles from the same market. The freight on wheat from the Mississippi to Liverpool is about $9 per ton. From the principal grainfields of India, which are from 700 to 1,200 miles inland from Bombay, freight is about $15 per ton to Liverpool. The long distance by water and the limited railroad facilities in India will probably continue as long as the United States will have any surplus wheat. This event is not far distant in the future. The extension of our wheat belt toward the frontier is but little faster than its contraction in the older portions of the States. While we consume three-fourths of our production with a population of $50,000,000 inhabitants, soon our population will be double that amount, with but slight increase in production. In all probability some of our present business men will live to see the time when there will be, even with average crops, a deficiency of wheat to supply home demand. One hundred million of inhabitants will require five hundred million bushels of wheat—at least one hundred millions over our present full crop. January 1st, 1834, the population of the United States was twenty-five millions—doubling in twenty-six years. At this rate in 1906—twenty-six years from 1880—our population will be one hundred millions, only twenty-two years hence. Then the wheat question will be one of more interest than it is now.—*Iowa State Register.*

AN IOWA boy, aged fifteen, worked a month for the physician of the neighborhood, and was given, instead of the $10 which he expected, a receipted, bill for professional services which the doctor had rendered on the occasion of his birth. The boy can now see that it would have been $10 in his pocket if he had never been born.—*Norristown Herald.*

AFTER a physician had tried in vain to dislodge two false teeth which a Pottsville woman insisted had lodged in her throat, she found the teeth in a drawer where she had put them. And then she smiled complacently and said she knew they were some place.—*Bismarck Tribune.*

THE DIMPLE ON HER CHEEK.

Within a nest of roses,
Half hidden from the sight,
Until a smile discloses
Its loveliness aright,
Behold the work of Cupid,
Who wrought it in a freak,
The witching little dimple—
The dimple on her cheek!

The Sirens' lays and glances
To lure the sailor nigh;
The perilous romances
Of fabled Lorelie,
And all the spells of Circe
Are reft of charm and weak,
Beside the dainty dimple—
The dimple on her cheek!

Were these the golden ages
Of knights and troubadours,
Who brighten olden pages
With tourneys and amours,
What lances would be broken—
What silver lutes would speak,
In honor of the dimple—
The dimple on her cheek!

—SAMUEL MINTURN PECK, in *The Manhattan for March.*

The Right of Discovery.

We may take it for granted that every nation dislikes to be "discovered." To suffer this carries with it the imputation of inferiority. There is always a certain conceit and assumption in the act of discovery. It says that we who make the discovery are known, and we condescend to introduce you into the circle of the world that is known. Often the discovery is nothing more than an exhibition of the ignorance of those who make it; but this does not trouble the discoverers. The sublime conceit of the Greeks that all outside their own confederacy was barbarian was not disturbed by finding in Egypt a civilization older and a refinement superior to their own. The early adventurers and missionaries who penetrated China really thought they were introducing to the world and its privileges a land whose people had been highly organized thousands of years before Europe began to emerge from barbarism, who had discovered gunpowder, and invented printing, and knew how to make porcelain. It was China that should have discovered Europe. The Parisians in modern times are the successors of the Athenians in possessing this patent right of discovery. There is nothing amusing to a Parisian in the air with which Theopile Gautier crosses the barriers of his city and sets out into the provinces on a voyage of discovery, and with heroic self-sacrifice pushes on into the unknown land of Spain. The Parisians are, perhaps, the only Occidental people who are absolutely indifferent to the pretense of outside people to discover Paris, and show no sensitiveness to foreign opinion of their city. We in America have been a good deal discovered and ought to be used to the process by this time. The Indians were unduly thin-skinned under it, and perhaps their successors have inherited some of their sensitivenes—at least that is the impression in Europe. It is exhibited in a dislike to be gazed at and described as something new and wild. Europe was for a long time content with its early impressions—vast forests, buffaloes, red men, a society of barbarism, tempered by the bowie-knife and the rifle. Unfortunately for us, it has begun to be suspected in these later days that this opinion needs revisal, and the duty is laid upon inquisitive philosophical souls of rediscovering America, of "inspecting its institutions," of reporting upon the looks and manners of the women—always a fruitful topic with your true discoverer—and of accounting generally for this American phenomenon. The English show the most commendable zeal in this duty, and enter upon it according to their lights, from the Trollopes down to the Spencers. They are amused, they are grieved, they are amazed; they praise, they admonish, they predict. But in all this there is a genuine desire to make us known to the world, and to make us a part of it, for which we always struggle to be grateful. What deeply wounds us, however, is that when we send over a discoverer, a Hawthorne or an Emersen to report on England, we are met with a sort of well-bred stare, as if we are not one of the favored peoples who have any share in this patent right of discovering other people.—CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, in *Harper's Magazine for March.*

A CORRESPONDENT of a Toledo paper has been struck by Arkansaw politeness. This should cause no astonishment, for, as a class, the Arkansaw people rank high among the most polite 'folks' of the world. Some time ago a gentleman came to Arkansaw for the purpose of 'writing up' its crudities. One day while standing on the bank of a small stream, a native came along and asked: 'What yer doin', podner, watchin' a muss-rat?' 'No.' 'Got yer eye on a snake o' suthin' I reckon?' 'No, I haven't. Go on away, I am trying to catch an idea and don't want to be bothered.' 'Yer mout ketch a few fish ef yer wuster try rite hard, but I don't berlieve you'll ketch any ideas, fur ter tell the truth, cap'n, I don't berlieve you've got the bait suitable for ketchin' ideas.' The writer was a very impulsive man, and quickly deciding that the scrawny fellow needed chastisement, he said: 'If I could get over there I'd thrash you, my lank fellow.' 'No trouble 'bout that,' replied the native, and rolling a log into the river, he helped the correspondent across, whipped him and conducted him safely to the other bank. Oh, yes, the people of this state are polite.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

WHEN you see a policeman heading a cow for the pound it's no use to tell him that there are 15,000,000 cows in the United States. He doesn't want but the one.—*Detroit Free Press.*

COLONEL TOM OCHILTREE is fond of lying under the trees in summer, and wherever he can get a chance in winter.—*Exchange.*

How to Solve The Egyptian Problem.

There is but one way now to solve the problem. It can be done by following the counsel of Sir Samuel Baker. No one from experience is more competent to judge. Having spent many years of his valuable life in extensive explorations of the equatorial region, and having been for many years in command of Central Africa, and subsequently hunting the lion and elephant on the Blue Nile and Atbara rivers, he has widely extended knowledge, not only of the Soudan, but of the country and people of Abyssinia. The newspapers tells us that he has advised the employment of King John of Abyssinia to co-operate with an Egyptian army against El Mahdi. King John can, in one month, whenever it pleases him, rally to his standard 100,000 as active and brave followers as are to be found in Africa. And the Egyptians have good cause to recollect, that there is no more renowned warrior with whom they have ever had intercourse, or a people of whom they have such abjects fear as the Abyssinian. Having witnessed the trial of strength and courage on several memorable occasions, I can speak of their comparative fighting quality, with a full knowledge of the superiority of the Abyssinian.

Professing to be Christians and hating the Mohammedan, who is their hereditary enemy, there is no service the Abyssinians would more heartily enter upon than "eating up," as they call it, El Mahdi and his followers. But it must be done in conjunction with the Christian, for the reason that they have no confidence in the egyptians' faith or in their fighting quality. Anxious to rectify his frontier and get the seaport town of Massowah restored to him, the King of Abyssinia has often sought the interference of England in settling differences between him and the Egyptians. There is a seaport town, Zoula, just below Massowah, which may answer King John. Egypt, with a band of iron entirely around and hemming him in mountains, King John and his people chafe under this restraint in their anxiety to have egress to the sea. Massowah given to him and the frontier question settled, the Abyssinians would soon be ready for the field. To make it successful a small nucleus of English is necessary. With a supply of powder and old Tower muskets and a few beads and red cloth to please their women, they would be thoroughly equipped. Living upon raw beef, freshly killed and without salt, a small quantity of the small grain called *teff*, which they live on, and no baggage, the quartermaster and subsistence are not much disturbed. They are ready to march. King John, without hat or shoes, mounted on his warhorse and armed with lance, sword and shield, is a spledid specimen of the savage warrior. He rides at a canter, with his big toe, according to their custom, in the stirrup. His people, as best they can, follow after him at a "dog-trot," making without trouble, their thirty or forty miles a day. In constant war, either among themselves or with their neighbors, they are always ready for a fight on anything like equal terms; and in their reckless onslaught upon the Egyptian, they showed the utmost contempt for him. It would not take long for them to get over the desert between them an El Mahdi, when it is likely that the inspiration of the Prophet would soon fail, and he and his devout enthusiasts would take to their heels. Those among them who once encountered the king would be the first to run.—*William W. Loring, Pasha, in The Manhattan for March.*

Joy for the Jokers.

If the example of Colonel Hunt, a millionaire lumberman of Michigan, who died recently, is generally followed the humorists of the country will in a short time have villas at Newport, mansions on Murray Hill, palaces in Paris and yachts in the North River. Colonel Hunt was a great lover of humor and in his will bequeathed five thousand dollars to the mother of Artemus Ward and five thousand each to two other young men who are still sitting up all night in order to set the world on a broad grin the next morning. The man who makes a good joke is a friend of humanity. Great heroes have done little except make the world weep. Why should not still greater men who make it laugh also have their honors and rewards? This was Colonel Hunt's idea. What a glorious future there is before the staff of *The Morning Journal* if all the millionaires shall do as Colonel Hunt did!—*N. Y. Morning Journal.*

A New Electric Engine.

A small electric engine has lately been on exhibition in New York, having a piston movement, and claimed by the inventor to be the first of that kind which has been manufactured in this country. The engine is supplied from a battery and consists of four electro-magnets, two on each side, with armatures of permanent magnets. While one attracts, another repels, giving the piston movement of the common steam locomotive, and the little engine is similar to this in the remainder of its mechanism. This engine of two horse power, the inventor says, will revolve from 600 to 1000 times per minute. It cost $150, and the electricity of a storage battery to run it a day of twelve hours will cost, he estimates, fifty cents. It takes up little space, and can easily be placed under a car. Its inventor also hopes to adapt it to road carriages, and believes that cabs can be run by it for fifty cents a day.—*Mechanical News.*

The Transcript

W. SCOTT WAY, Editor & Proprietor.

$2 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications on topics of local interest are always welcome, but to insure insertion they must be brief and to the point. We do not hold ourselves responsible for the views of correspondents. Anonymous articles will receive no attention. Address all communications to the Proprietor.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEB. 22, 1884.

ANOTHER call for ten millions of Three Per Cent. bonds was issued yesterday.

A COLD WATER advocate would find the Ohio Valley an unhealthy lecturing ground just now.

THERE are rumors that another effort will be made to start a new daily paper in Wilmington.

PHILADELPHIA has returned to her idols, and the Committee of One Hundred can now go a-fishing.

THE World's Fair Committee, of San Francisco, has prepared a memorial to Congress asking an appropriation of $2,000,000.

THE Democratic National Committee met in Washington to-day to select a time and place for holding the National Convention.

IT IS said that the prospects for an excellent wheat crop in the great grain producing section of California were never better than at present.

BY an explosion of fire damp in a coal mine near Uniontown, Pennsylvania, on Wednesday, twenty men were killed. It would seem that this year is to be one of many calamities.

MISS EVA MACKEY, daughter of the bonanza king, is a good, sensible girl. She is at the head of a society of young ladies who go about doing what good they can among the worthy and deserving poor of Paris.

THE buildings of the defunct Peninsular Agricultural Association were sold yesterday for an amount much exceeding that of the floating debts of the association. We congratulate the management on their ability to thus wind up the affairs of the association without loss to those who had indorsed the association's paper, or to those to whom it is indebted.

AT a caucus of Democratic members of the House, held in Washington, on Wednesday, a committee was appointed to confer with a committee of the Senate in relation to the organization of a Democratic Campaign Committee. A resolution was adopted declaring it to be the sense of the caucus that no Democrat should absent himself from the House without leave.

WHEN that Michigan millionaire, who was such a great lover of humor, bequeathed Mrs. Browne, the mother of Artemus Ward, the sum of $5,000, he did a commendable act, for Mrs. Browne is a poor and deserving woman. Though Artemus was believed to have considerable money at the time of his death his mother got but very little of it. The bulk of it "mysteriously disappeared."

THE New York *Morning Journal* expresses the belief that President Arthur's formal entry for the Presidential race has upset a great many political calculations. "Mr. Blaine is in tears. Mr. John Sherman is plunged in the most profound grief for the future of the country. General Logan despairs of the Republic. The old Half-Breed organs are distressed to death. The Stalwarts are, however, measurably happy. The old 306 medals may again become fashionable."

MRS. MARY MILLER has successfully passed the necessary examination and is to receive a certificate that will give her the right to command her steamboat. This may seem a novel position for a woman, but Mrs. Miller has already shown that she is capable of commanding her steamboat in a way highly creditable to herself and satisfactory to all concerned. During her late husband's illness she assumed his place as captain and discharged her duties with ability, tact, grace, and dignity. Naturally enough, when Captain Miller died Mrs. Miller applied for a license as master of the boat, and everybody who believes that woman should be given opportunity to enter every honorable vocation for which she is mentally and physically qualified will be glad to read that Captain Mary Miller is to get her master's license. We venture to say that no steamboat on the Lower Mississippi will be more ably commanded than her's. Woman does not often seek a position for which she is not in every way qualified, and you can always find her at her post of duty and wide awake. If a woman had commanded the City of Columbus that unfortunate steamer would not have gone three miles out of her course to be pounded to pieces on the rocks at Gay Head.

IT WILL appear to most readers that Mr. Lorenzo Leonard Nightingale, so pleasantly described in "Cape Cod Folks," is much too sensitive. It is not every young man who can win distinction as a "champion fiddler, inventor, whale fisher, cranberry picker, and potato bugger," and have it put in a book. Instead of getting mad about it, and bringing a suit for libel, Lorenzo, it seems to us, should have bought a number of presentation copies for his friends. At any rate, we do not see how he could be mean enough to bring an action for damages after having been permitted to kiss the fair author and then to read her charming account of how he did it so gracefully. To be sure, he only kissed her on the cheek, but perhaps he was too bashful to look for better kissing. No doubt he just shut his eyes and made a sort of wild dive and put in his kiss in a "simple and audible manner," not where it would do him the most good, but under the fair author's ear. The jury found that Lorenzo Leonard Nightingale was libelled to the extent of $1,095, but we fail to see the justice of the verdict. To be sure, a girl doesn't often when she is kissed tell about it, and especially in print, but when she does take it into her head to publish the particulars in her own charming way, the man who did the kissing ought to enjoy them, if he has any taste for good reading as well as good kissing.

Literary Notes.

E. V. SMALLEY will contribute a paper on "Some Tendencies of Modern Journalism," to *The Manhattan* for April.

THE Fort Wayne *Hoosier*, in which the bright things of "Will Wayward" appear to soothe the feelings of a melancholy world, is a welcome weekly visitor to our exchange table.

R. J. BURDETTE has resumed his "Roaming Robert" series in the Burlington *Hawkeye*. Besides talking to an audience five nights in the week, he writes five or six columns of mighty good reading.

THE New York *Morning Journal*, though but little more than a year old, has reached a circulation of 102,574. The success of this bright paper founded by Mr. Albert Pulitzer, is without parallel in the history of American journalism.

THE HARPERS pay good salaries to good men. Henry M. Alden, the editor of the *Monthly*, and George W. Curtis, the editor of the *Weekly*, receive $10,400 a year each. A good many young men, fresh from college, would be willing to take either of these places for the even $10,000.

THE MANHATTAN for March is beautiful in its art and varied and entertaining in its literature. The frontispiece is a masterly engraving of one of the finest pictures of the Spanish painter, Fortuny, whose sparkle and dash the engraver, Frank French, has reproduced with remarkable fidelity. The leading article is on "Dartmouth College."

THE April *Manhattan* will have for its leading article a paper on Edwin Booth by Henry C. Pedder, with engravings in the best style of art, depicting the famous actor in several of his leading parts. It will contain also a paper by Matthew Arnold on "Literature and Science," and a profusely illustrated article on "Rothenburg," a quaint old German city, little known to travelers.

THE *St. Louis Magazine* for March opens with a very entertaining paper on St. Paul's Cathedral, by Henry Fuller Walker. Charles H. Burleigh contributes an interesting short story, Alexander N. De Menil, Mary F. Ficker and others contribute poems. The "Home and Society" department is as bright as usual. The "Polish Jew" is continued. This bright magazine is constantly adding new names to its list of contributors, and as it is bright and enterprising it well deserves the success it is winning.

"Trifles Light as Air."

"Virtue is its own reward, but I have a place that this will just fill!" said Eli Perkins when informed that the old Michigan millionaire philanthropist had willed him five thousand dollars.

If that Michigan millionaire wanted to give some of his money to a deserving funny man, why didn't he bequeath five thousand dollars to the humorist who never made a joke about a mule or a Chicago girl's feet?

If there is one thing more than another that fills with unspeakable joy the heart of the village editor who is his own business manager, bookkeeper, city editor, reporter and assistant mailing clerk in one, it is a free ticket to look through a telescope, 600 miles of bad walking away.

Some writer has said that a person cannot thoroughly enjoy a humorous sketch unless he has himself at some time experienced the sensations described. There is a good deal of truth in that. No man can laugh at a joke about a bumblebee like the one who, in boyhood's happy hour, has had nine energetic and active bumblees in his hair. Possibly no person who has not been kicked by a mule can thoroughly enjoy a mule joke.

"I only made one resolution on the first of January," said the man on the soap box at the grocery store the other evening, "and that I've kept and intend to keep to the end of the year." "What sort of a resolution was it?" asked the man on the mackerel barrel. "It was a resolution to not go in debt." "There will be no difficulty about you keeping that resolution," said another member of the congregation, "everybody in town will help you stick to it."

"I see you have got that black bottle filled again!" remarked Mrs. Splatterby the other day, as Splatterby was hunting around for the sugar. "Yes," replied Splatterby, a little something is good to have about the house is case of sickness." "I don't think whiskey is a good medicine," said Mrs. Splatterby. "And why isn't it, I would like to know?" asked splatterby with some degree of feeling. "Many of the most eminent physicians recommend it." "Well," said Mrs. Splatterby, with a composed cast of countenance, "if it is a good medicine it don't agree with your system. I notice that you are never well while there is a drop of the stuff in the house."

"You needn't turn up your nose at me!" said the Trade Dollar to the Standard Dollar, when they met the other day in a small pocket. "I am just as good as you are and two cents better." "I don't care if you are," returned the Standard Dollar, with a Bland smile, "you are not moving in good society now, and you wouldn't be here in this pocket if the owner of it had had his eyes open. Oh, you may as well make up your mind to the enevitable. "You'll never move in our set again till they melt you over and bang your hair like mine is. Good bye; I'm going out to pay for the drinks. You'll hear some unpleasant remarks from the fellow who owns this pocket when you go out and the bartender shoves you back."

THE first counterfeit of the new five-cent nickel was detected at the Subtreasury at Boston on Tuesday. The base coin is an alloy in which the principal ingredient is lead. It is a good imitation, but can be detected by the dead ring.

Health Hints.

Don't shake a hornet's nest to see if any of the family are at home.

Don't try to take the right of way from an express train at a railroad crossing.

Don't talk back to a woman who handles the fire shovel with grace and dexterity.

Don't go near a draft. If a draft comes toward you, run away. A sight draft is the most dangerous.

Don't blow in the gun your grandfather carried in the war of 1812. It is more dangerous now than it was then.

Don't hold a wasp by the other end while you thaw it out in front of the stove to see if it is alive. It is generally alive.

Don't try to persuade a bull dog to give up a yard of which it is in possession. Possession to a bull dog is ten points of the law.

Don't eat things after you have enough because you fear they will go to waste, such a custom will bring you too much to waist yourself.

Don't go to bed with your boots on. This is one of the most unhealthy practices that a man, especially a married man, can be addicted to.

Don't call a very large, strong, sinewy man a prevaricator. If you are sure he is a prevaricator, hire another man to break the news to him.

Don't put an old bombshell in the stove to amuse the audience. You may not linger here below to enjoy the applause, even if you should win any.

Don't, when gunning, put the pipe you have been smoking into the pocket where you are carrying your powder, unless you have a very strong constitution and another suit of clothes.

Don't allow the baby to drink the concentrated lye. Concentrated lye is dangerous, even in very small doses, except to a man who is accustomed to drinking Baltimore corn whisky.

About Eve.

Eve had a pretty good time of it, taking all things into consideration.

Eve never had occasion to weep because there was not one day in the week clear enough to hang the washing out.

Eve never found an empty unvelope in Adam's coat pocket directed to Adam in a feminine hand, and post marked "Chicago."

Eve never had to smell Adam's breath at midnight's holy hour to learn if he was still steadfastly keeping his New Year's resolution.

Eve never heard Adam turn restlessly as he slumbered and murmur in a low and soft but distinct tone, "Call me pet names, Elizabeth Ann."

Eve never found a coffee grain in the pocket of Adam's Sunday vest and had to wonder all the rest of the day why he carried coffee about with him.

Eve never had to cut off the fire wood while Adam was down at the grocery store telling the congregation what a wonderful man his grandfather was in heavy timber at a chopping frolic.

Eve never had to sit up till three o'clock in the morning for Adam, and then have him come in with the top out of his hat, a patch of skin off his nose and his neck bow around under his left ear.

Great Guns.

Judge Tourgee is suffering from overwork.

W. D. Howells is too busy to see visitors.

George W. Cable weighs only one hundred pounds.

General Moltke is the most taticurn man in Europe.

Frank James has almost faded out of contemporaneous history.

Jay Gould does not know the joy of finding a dime in last year's vest.

The ex-King of Naples lives in Paris and keeps only three servants.

Professor J. G. Wood, the English naturalist, is Boston's latest social lion.

Hannibal Hamlin is a great fisherman but he doesn't carry his bait in a bottle.

Senator Brown, of Georgia, gives employment to 1,000 men in his iron works.

John Ruskin's new lecture on storm clouds is pronounced "eloquent nonsense."

Wendell Phillips' will leaves his entire property, valued at $250,000, unconditionally to his wife.

President Arthur delights in buttonhole bouquets but hates to be buttonholed by politicians.

Speaker Carlisle receives the largest mail of any one of the members of the House of Representatives.

Charles Erancis Adams, Jr., believes that civil service reform is the most important issue of the year.

Ex-Governor Hendricks, of Indiana, doesn't play billiards because his first game cost him three dollars.

The Chinese Minister at Washington knows only eleven English words, the most prominent of which are "How do you do?"

John W. Mackey is a practical philanthropist and cares nothing for the show and glitter that usually surround millionaires. He is proud of the fact that he is a self-made man.

Mr. W. M. Singlerly, proprietor of Philadelphia *Record*, is building 1,000 houses for people of moderate means. He is genial, popular and a wonderfully successful business man.

Senator Conger, of Michigan, is the only member of the Senate who wears a dress coat during the sessions of that body. His most conspicious predecessor in that respect was Hannibal Hamlin.

Hugh J. Jewett is a director in twenty railroad companies, Samuel Sloan in twenty-three, Jay Gould in twenty-four, George B Roberts in twenty-six, Sidney Dillion in thirty-six and Frederick L. Ames in fifty-two.

Colonel Hunt, a millionaire lumberman, of Roscommon county, Mich., who died recently, bequeathed $5,000 to Caroline Brown, mother of Artemus Ward, and similar amounts to Eli Perkins and Josh Billings. Mr. Hunt was a lover of humor and owned an extensive library, made up mainly of humorous literature. Mark Twain and other genuine "funny men" are left out in the cold.—*N. Y. Morning Journal.*

Items.

OVER a billion and seventeen million dollars taxes on distilled spirits have been collected by the Government since 1862.

CEDAR KEY, Florida, has a population of three thousand, and but four deaths occurred there during the past twelve months.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company has agreed to ship, free of cost, all packages of wearing apparel and bed clothing to the sufferers by the floods in the Ohio Valley.

A FEARFUL storm struck Ambersons and Lodiga, Alabama, Tuesday afternoon. A large number of houses were blown down and 14 persons were reported to have been killed.

FLORIDA orange trees that were stripped of their leaves by the recent frosts are again showing a fringe of green along every limb and twig, and in a fortnight will probably be in full foliage. It is now seen that the damdamage done by the cold was restricted to the withering of the leaves,

Correspondence of the Transcript.

Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 20, '84.

Wool, sugar and whisky is not a pleasant compound to take internally, but this is the composition which is just now being applied to Congress pretty freely. The woolen manufacturers, the distillers, and the sugar planters have each a delegation here to represent their respective interests before the Committee on Ways and Means of the House, which is preparing a bill to extend the bonded period for distilled spirits, and a tariff bill.

Since the introduction of Mr. Morrison's tariff bill not only the infant industries, which require nourishment till they can stand alone, have been represented before the Committee, but even the owners of big coal mines have sent agents here to explain the awful calamity that would fall upon this people if coal should be placed on the free list as proposed in Mr. Morrison's tariff bill. A member of the House, who entertains very strong protective tariff views, said that just such a travesty upon protective tariff made it more enemies and was more likely to kill it than anything else. He said: The idea that the vast coal fields of this country, more extensive than any in the world, require a protective tariff, is the most absurd feature in the old tariff law."

There are at present on the Private Calendar of the house 160 bills, (out of 3,000 introduced,) reported from the different committees. In each one of these the evidence has been examined by the Committee and a printed report in favor of the claim submitted.

Friday in each week is set aside for the passage of bills on the Private Calendar; but although Congress has been in session three months, it has passed but *one of these bills* (Fitz-John Porter bill,) and has devoted every other Friday either to discussing its rules or in a contested election case. By the time the rules are fixed and all the contested elections disposed of so that they have complete rules and a full House, it will be time for Congress to adjourn and go home for a new election. A modern Cervantese would find ample material here for a travesty on how they (don't) legislate at Washington.

Notwithstanding the opposition manifested in some quarters to the bill to establish a bureau of animal industry and to prevent the spread of contagious and infectious diseases amovg domestic animals—cattle, sheep, hogs and horses—a careful canvass of the House shows that the bill will pass if it is not, like almost everything else there, talked to death. —LOTUS.

One of Our Cape Cod Folks.

The libel case just tried before a Plymouth (Mass.) jury is as novel in principle as it was unique in details. It seems that a Connecticut miss having visited the Cape region turned her observations of the natives and their ways to practical account by writing a story called "Cape Cod Folks." When this tale appeared in print its contents were found to be more in the line of fact than fiction. The characters were "taken from life" and were drawn in a way that would have made their identity unmistakable even if the author had not saved herself the trouble of inventing fictitious names by adopting the real names of those portrayed.

The natural effect of the publication was that a series of complaints and notices of libel suits poured in upon the publisher, until it was deemed expedient to prepare a second edition, with the most objectionable features of the first eliminated. One of the most aggrieved of the "Cape Cod folks" was Mr. Lorenzo Leonard Nightingale, who appears to have figured as the hero of the tale. In one place he was thus presented:—

"Teacher, this is our champion fiddler, inventor, whale fisher, cranberry picker and potato bugger." The youth of the tuneful and birdlike name being thus suddenly thrust forward, doffed his broad sou'wester, took the hand I held out to him, and, stooping down, kissed me, quite in a simple and audible manner, on the cheek.

Whether the identity of the complainant would have been disclosed to his neighbors by the epithets "champion fiddler," "cranberry picker," "potato bugger," &c., it is needless to consider, for he was referred to throughout the book in a variety of ways that could leave no doubt on this point. He was openly called "Lorenzo Leonard Nightingale," "Lorenzo," "Lorenzo Leonard," "Ren," "Rennie," "Renzo" and "the nightingale." In the second edition he was rechristened "Lorenzo Bennie Cradlebow," but this did not suffice to lessen his grievance or stay his suit.

The judge charged the jury that as a matter of law a publication in the form of a fiction might be libellous, and the jury found as a matter of fact that the living hero of "Cape Cod Folks" had been libelled to the extent of $1,095. The case is to be appealed to the Supreme Court of the Commonwealth, but the present result of the trial may prove instructive to writers of stories as well as those individuals who may find themselves figuring as characters in fiction.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Philadelphia Election.

At the municipal election held in Philadelphia on Tuesday, the aggregate vote for Mayor was 149,987, giving a majority of 8871 for Wm. B. Smith, Rep., over Samuel G. King, Dem., and Committee of One Hundred. The aggregate vote for City Solicitor was 120,264, giving a majority of 13,730 for Charles F. Warwick, Rep., over Furman Sheppard, Dem., and Committee of One Hundred. The aggregate vote for Receiver of Taxes was 141,642, giving a majority of 78,736 for John Hunter, Independent Republican, Democrat and Committee of One Hundred, over the combined scattering vote. The Receiver of Taxes returns show 23,766 for George G. Pierie, 1305 for William McMullin, 5606 for Daniel Leeds, Prohibition, and 476 scattering.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE ON THE "HUB."—The dome of the Boston State House is the reverenced sign and token, seen from afar, of the only true capital city—that is, a seat and center of government, of society, of literature, of art, of commerce—in all "America." It is indeed a mere protrusion heavenward of the hub of the universe; the globed and gilded tip of that axis around which all that is best in our Western world revolves, ever has revolved, and it seems ever will revolve, *sæcula sæculorum.—From the March Century.*

THE Supreme Court of Illinois has affirmed the decision of Judge Rogers, of the Circuit Court at Chicago, declaring the constitutionality of the Harper High License law, which imposed a uniform rate of $500 for alcoholic liquors and $150 for beer.

As the stern parent stood with a whip in his hand, he remarked: "I'll teach you, Henry, to tell me lies." "Never mind, pa," said young hopeful; "I understand it now."

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS, the author of "Leedle Yawcob Strauss" and other charming poems, is a handsome man with an iron gray mustache, of which he is quite proud.

MISS ELLEN TERRY seldom drinks wine, on account of nervousness.

THE average pay of the working women in Boston is $284 per year.

Society in Washington.

The writer of an illustrated article on "The New Washington," in the March *Century*, characterizes Washington society thus: "Leaving aside the question of political morality, few people who have passed a winter in Washington will deny the charm of its society. Acknowledging all its faults, its crudeness—narrowness perhaps—and its lack of form, it must yet be acknowledged that it differs from all other American society in the fact that it is not founded on wealth. It is the only society which is really Republican, though it has little resemblance to the 'Republican court' of the first administration,—the only one in America which has a well-defined basis. And that basis is public station, temporarily conferred, whether directly or indirectly, by the expressed wishes of fellowmen. The holding of such public station necessarily implies intelligence, and such it is intelligence, as distinguished from lineage or wealth, which is the fundamental basis in Washington society. Such a society does not feel obliged to adopt certain customs because it is reported at second hand that they are good form in London. Its opinions are robustly independent, its information is extensive, and its subjects of conversation are many and varied.

"It is not to be imagined that such a society is well defined, or that its rules are clearly established—though it is true that the 'Etiquette of Social Life in Washington' has been most elaborately formulated in a little pamphlet, of which a fresh edition is perennially produced, and which is said to sell in great numbers. It is, undoubtedly, open to the criticism of being raw, to the same extent—but no more—that society in London is subservient and snobbish, and in New York illiterate and commercial. Nothing can be more ridiculous than the public levees of the President, where the doors are thrown open that every person in the street may enter them in a crush, and stand in a slowly moving procession for two hours, in order that during half a minute of that time the President may be seen and his arm may be wrenched. But this is not peculiar to Washington alone. Such 'public receptions' are inflicted upon presidents in all cities which they visit. Hardly less incongruous are the Wednesday afternoon receptions of the wives of Cabinet officers, when their doors are also thrown open and hundreds of strangers tramp through their parlors 'to pay their respects.' The wives of Judges and Senators and Representatives have to endure the same thing on other afternoons of the week. It has come to be considered as part of the price of public station. But, no matter what office a man may hold, no one may come to his dinner table without an invitation. And it is in dinners that Washington society excels. Diplomats and travelers from every part of the world; men distinguished in political life, on the bench, and in war; men of science and men of letters: women of intelligence and culture, with the native grace and beauty for which American women are justly celebrated—there is no such wealth of choice in any other American city, and there are no other dinner-parties so entertaining as those of Washington."

The Nightingale's Song.

In the March *Century* John Burroughs describes his "Hunt for the Nightingale" in England, with the following results of an almost fruitless chase: "When my patience was about exhausted, I was startled by a quick, brilliant call or whistle, a few rods from me, that at once recalled my barber with his blade of grass; and I knew my long-sought bird was inflating her throat. How it woke me up! It had the quality that startles; it pierced the gathering gloom like a rocket. Then it ceased. Suspecting I was too near the singer, I moved away cautiously and stood in a lane beside the wood, where a loping hare regarded me a few paces away. Then my singer struck up again, but I could see she did not let herself out; just tuning her instrument. I thought, and getting ready to transfix the silence and the darkness. A little later, a man and a boy came up the lane. I asked them if that was the nightingale singing; they listened, and assured me it was none other. 'Now she's on, sir; now she's on. Ah! but she don't stick. In May, sir, they makes the woods all heccho about here. Now she's on again; that's her, sir; now she's off; she won't stick.' And stick she would not. I could hear a hoarse wheezing and clucking sound beneath her notes, when I listened intently. The man and boy moved on. I stood mutely invoking all the gentle divinities to spur the bird on. Just then a bird like our hermit-thrush came quickly over the hedge a few yards below me, swept close past my face, and back into the thicket. I had been caught listening; the offended bird had found me taking notes of her dry and worn-out pipe there behind the hedge, and the concert abrubtly ended; not another note; not a whisper. I waited a long time and then moved off; then came back, implored the outraged bird to resume; then rushed off, and, as it were, slammed the door indignantly behind me. I paused by other shrines, but not a sound."

COMMANDER WINFIELD S. SCHLEY has been selected to command the Greely Relief Expedition instead of Captain Kirkland, an examination showing that the latter is not physically strong enough for such a service. Captain Schley is a native of Maryland, 45 years of age, and has not been on the sick list since he entered the navy in 1853.

AGAIN! AND AGAIN! The wheels of Time turn with an exact regularity, and although this is Leap Year, every month, on the second Tuesday thereof, in the city of New Orleans, in the State of Louisiana, the Grand Monthly Drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery takes place in due form, with all guards for the integrity of the act and its surroundings that can be secured by the high moral character of Genl's G. T. Beauregard, of La., and Jubal A. Early, of Va. The 166th Drawing takes place on Tuesday, March 11th, 1884, when $265,000 will be scattered broadcast, about which M. A. Dauphin, of New Orleans, La., will tell you all about on application.

THE MARKETS.

MIDDLETOWN GRAIN MARKET.
CORRECTED WEEKLY BY ISAAC JONES & CO.

WHEAT—		CORN—	
Amber,	1 13@0 00	Yellow,	00@53
Timothy Seed	2 50	White, "	00@50
Clover Seed, ℔ lb	@10¼	Oats, "	00@40

MIDDLETOWN PRODUCE MARKET.
CORRECTED WEEKLY BY S. M. REYNOLDS & CO.

Eggs, ℔ doz.	00@18	Chickens,	12@12
Butter, ℔ lb	20@20	Potatoes,	40@50
Lard, new ℔ lb	10@12	Ducks,	11@12
	c	Turkeys,	16@15

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

WHEAT—		CORN—	
Prime red,	1 09@1 15	Yellow,	60@61
Timothy Seed,	3 50	White,	58@60
Clover Seed, ℔ lb	13¼ 15c	Oats (Dela're)	42@44

BALTIMORE MARKETS.

WHEAT—		CORN—	
Good to amb.	1 15@1 17	White,	59@60
OATS—		Yellow,	67@68
Southern,	42@46	Rye,	65@67

New Advertisements.

Clover Seed, Timothy Seed, Seed Oats, &c.,

In Large or Small Quantities.

GIBBS & BROTHER,

111 North Water St., PHILADELPHIA,
feb.22-2m

New Advertisements.

James W. Oldfield,

Successor to
THEODORE H. ARMSTRONG,

WHEELWRIGHTING

—AND—

Blacksmithing.

Having purchased of Mr. Armstrong both branches of his business I am ready to accommodate the public.

Light and Heavy Farm Wagons, Germantown Wagons, Rollers, Harrows, and other Farming Implements made to order.

Repairing of Light and Heavy Work promptly done.

☞ HORSESHOEING A SPECIALTY.

PRICES REASONABLE.

JAMES W. OLDFIELD,
Cor. Lake and Broad Sts., Middletown.
feb.8-4t

RATHER TOO LONG.

After Twenty Years on the Wrong Side of Life a Virginian Turns the Tables.

"How long did you say?"

"Twenty years, I said. Up to the time I mentioned I had suffered from diseased liver for twenty years," said Mr. S. T. Hancock, of Richmond, Va., half sadly, as though thinking of that dilapidated section of his life. "At times I almost wished it had pleased Providence to omit the liver from the human anatomy."

"Bad enough—twenty years of that sort of thing," responded a listener. "What was the upshot of it?"

"The upshot was that some time ago I went down to Scott's drug store in this city, and bought one of Benson's Capcine Porus Plasters, applied it and was relieved in a few hours, and am now as sound as though my liver were made of India-rubber."

Benson's—unlike the old fashioned kind of plasters—act promptly. Look for the word Capcine, which is cut in the genuine. Price 25 cents. Seabury & Johnson, Chemists, New York.

RAMBO'S

Schuylkill Valley

LIME.

ROBERT MCCOY offers to farmers this high grade of Lime which, by a century's use, has obtained the highest reputation for its fertilizing qualities.

ATTENTION

of those desiring Lime is specially called to my products, and reference desired to the following gentlemen, all of whom have made practical use of our Lime and expressed their full satisfaction with it:

S. DOBBS, N. J., B. F. H. CAULK, Md.,
GEO. LIPPINCOTT, N. J., J. L. REEVES, N. J.,
G. A. VORHEIS, " S. F. EVANS, "
J. C. HUTCHINSON, Del., J. M. JENNINGS, N. J.,
SAM'L MATLACK, N. J., THOS. BITTAL, "
I. MCGREGOGW, Md., W. C. DUDLEY, Md.,
A. W. WEBSTER, Del., THOS. DUBOIS, N. J.,
ISAAC TRUAX, Del., CHAS. H. MISLER, N. J.,
WM. MATHIS, N. J., S. THOMPSON, Del.,
WM. FRANCIS, Del., JOHN WRIGHT, "
JOHN PRATT, " THOS. PRATT, "
JOS. ROBERTS, " HENRY DAVIS, "
G. W. LOCKWOOD, Md., WM. R. COCHRAN, Del.,
MANLOVE DAVIS, Del., N. WILLIAMS, Del.
R. W. COCHRAN, Del.

Prices and any further information will be furnished on application.

ROBERT MCCOY,
Bridgeport, Pa.

JOSEPH HANSON, Agent
at Middletown, Del. feb.8.3m

Public Sales.

Public Sale!

The subscriber intending to relinquish farming, will sell at Public Sale, at his residence on Bohemia Manor, five miles from Middletown and one mile north of Murphey's Mill,

On Wednesday, February 27, 1884,

At 9 o'clock A. M., *sharp*,

The following Personal Property without reserve:

16 head Horses and Mules:

No. 1.—Bill, a beautiful bay horse, 6 years old, fine size and style, a splendid driver, can trot very fast.
No. 2.—Dixie, sorrel horse, 6 years old, very gentle, fine driver.
No. 3.—Dolly, bay mare, 10 years old, splendid driver, very gentle.
No. 4.—Minnie, bay mare, five years old, well broken, gentle, and will make a good driver.
No. 5.—Lightfoot, a beautiful black mare, 4 years old, gentle, and a very promising colt.
No. 6.—Nellie, black mare, fourteen years old, free driver or worker, very gentle, any lady can drive her; also, good brood mare.
No. 7.—Frank, bay horse, 14 years old, fine size, good worker or driver, a splendid saddle horse.
No. 8.—Kate, sorrel mare, 18 years old, good worker and good brood mare.
Nos. 9 and 10.—Bob and Jerry, a pair of extra fine large Mules, 9 years old, very quick and well mated, splendid workers.
Nos. 11 and 12.—Dove and Dun, a pair of fine Mules, 5 years old, well broken, lively workers.
Nos. 13 and 14.—Luce and Colie, a pair of black Mules, 4 years old, large size, good style and extra workers.
Nos. 15 and 16—Topsy and Jenny, a pair of black Mules, 16 years old, good workers.

28 HEAD OF CATTLE:

Sixteen head of very fine Cows, well bred, and all extra milkers, some with calves by their side, others will be in month by day of sale.

Twelve head of Heifers and Steers, well bred, coming 2 years old. 1 very large Durham Bull, 3 years old, very quiet.

HOGS:

Thirty-two head of extra fine SHOATS, Chester White and Berkshire Mixed.
Ten head of FAT HOGS, to be sold for Cash.

CARRIAGES AND HARNESS:

One Double-seat Family Carriage, in good order; 1 York Carriage, nearly new; 1 Mill Dearborn, with top; 1 Carriage Pole and Yoke, complete; 1 set of Double Harness, 2 sets of Single Harness, all in good order.

FARMING IMPLEMENTS:

Three Farm Wagons, iron axles; 1 Orchard Wagon, with Springs; 2 Peach Beds, with Springs,—will carry 75 baskets each; 1 Eight-foot Osborne Bluder, in perfect order; one Champion Steel Reaper, in good order; 1 Osborne Mower, as good as new; 1 Advance Mower, in complete order; 1 Pennsylvania Drill, as good as new; 1 Buckeye Drill, in good order; 1 Wood & Haines Drill, 2 Orchard Cultivators, 1 Mix, 8-horse power; 1 Corn Marker, 1 Horse-rake, 1 large Cylinder Roller, in good order; 1 good Grain Fan, 2 Corn Shellers, 3 Twin Harrows, 7 Cultivators, Plows—2 Oliver Chilled, No 40, 1 Advance, No. 35, 2 Atwoods, 1 Diamond Iron, 3 No. 4 Wiley's; 1 Planet, Jr., Corn Coverer and Cultivator, combined: 2 Scythes and Cradles, 1 Mowing Scythe, 1 Brier Scythe, 1 Cross-cut Saw, Broad-axe, Chopping Axes, Corn Knives, Hedge Knives, 1 Adze, Hoes, Forks, 1 Post Spade, lot of Shovels, 3 sets Wagon Harness, 10 sets Plow Harness, Collars, Bridles, lot of Three-horse Trees, Double and Single Trees, Ox Chains, Harrow Chains, Cow Chains, 1 Grindstone, 1 Farm Bell, 2 Half-bushel Measures, 1 Ladder, 24 feet long; 1 Ladder, 16 feet long; lot of Peach Ladders;

ALSO,

Lot of Meat Barrels, Cider Barrels, a lot of old Iron, a lot of Grain Bags.
100 baskets of Mammoth Pearl Potatoes, 50 baskets Early Rose Potatoes.
Side Meat by the pound.
Clover Hay by the ton; Corn Blades by the bundle.
2500 Peach Baskets.

HOUSEHOLD AND KITCHEN FURNITURE:

Fifty-two yards of English Brussels Carpet, lot of 3-ply Ingrain Carpet, Bedsteads, Bureaus, Wash Stands, 1 Extension Table, Settee, Chairs, Mahogany Side-board, 1 Parlor Stove, 1 Aurora Heater, 2 air-tight Wood Stoves, 1 Bedroom Coal Stove, 1 No. 10 Niagra Cook Stove and Fixtures, in good order; lot of Kitchen Tables.

DAIRY FIXTURES:—1 Churn, 2 Butter Tubs, lot of Milk Pans, 1 large Milk Cupboard, well ventilated.

TERMS OF SALE:

All sums of $20 and under, Cash; all sums over that amount a credit of 10 months will be given by purchaser giving a bankable note with approved indorser, interest added.

☞ The public are invited to call and look at Stock before the day of sale.

THOMAS CAVENDER.
S. M. ENOS, Auctioneer. feb15-2t

Public Sales.

Public Sale!

The subscriber intending to quit farming, will sell at Public Sale, at her residence, on the farm of Mr. James Garman, ("The John's Farm,") near St. Georges,

On Thursday, February 28th, '84,

At 10 o'clock, A. M.,

All of her Stock and Farming Utensils without reserve:

FIVE HEAD GOOD

Work & Driving Horses,

Most all young; one a very superior young mare, 6 years old, and an excellent driver.

4 Very Fine Cows and 1 Yearling;

1 Yoke of good work OXEN.
One Stock Bull, quiet and good stock;

14 head Ewes;

SIX SHOATS.

FARMING IMPLEMENTS, &c.:

Two Farm Wagons, both with Peach Bed and Spring Attachment,—1 of them an excellent Iron-axle Wagon; 1 Hay Rigging, 1 small Peach or Mill Wagon, 1 Champion Reaper (Dropper) and Mower combined, 1 Farmer's Friend Grain Drill, with phosphate attachment; 1 Wheel Rake, 1 Roller, 1 Wheel Corn Marker, 1 Plank Horse-trough, 2 Oliver Plows, 3 smaller Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, one Family Carriage, 1 Piano-box Top Buggy, 1 set Carriage Harness, nearly new; 1 Buffalo Robe, 2 sets good Wagon Harness, Collars, Bridles, Plow Harness, Single and Double Trees, Shovels, Hoes, Forks, Axes, and all such Tools and Implements as are necessary for a well regulated farm.

Also, Early Rose Potatoes by the bushel, several bushels of nice Eastern Early Rose Seed Potatoes, 4 bushels Clover Seed, Dairy Fixtures and Kitchen Furniture, 1 air-tight Stove, Pickled Pork, Hams, Shoulders and Jowls by the pound, 1 Scalding or Meat Cask, lot of Peach Baskets, some not marked; one-half of 28 Acres of Wheat in the ground.

TERMS OF SALE:

A credit of nine months will be given on all sums of $20 and over by purchaser giving bankable note with approved endorser.—Sums under $20 cash.

SALLIE RILEY.
S. M. ENOS, Auctioneer. feb.15-2t

Public Sale!

The undersigned will sell at Public Sale on his farm, on the road leading from Port Penn to Delaware City, and about one mile from the latter place,

On WEDNESDAY, March 5, 1884,

At 10 o'clock A. M.,

The following Personal Property:—

13 Horses, Colts and Mules:

Five good Work Horses:
Three fine Colts, 2 two years old; 1 one year old.
Five Mules,—one pair 6 years old, 16 hands high, and an extra work team.

28 head of Cattle:

Two yoke of good Work Oxen; Two Bulls, 3 years old; Twenty-two head of Steers and Heifers.

FARMING IMPLEMENTS, &c.:

Seven Farm Wagons, 1 Peach Wagon, one Covered Dearborn, 1 Buck Board, 2 Ox-carts, 2 Horse-carts, nearly new; 1 Osborne Self-binder, 1 Osborne No. 2 Mower, new; 6 Syracuse Chilled Plows, 3 Steel Plows, 1 Peacock Plow, 6 small Plows, 1 Iron Age Cultivator, 1 Sulkey Cultivator, 2 Twin Harrows, 1 Randall Harrow, 2 Rollers, 2 Horse Rakes, 2 Tet Machines, 2 Grain Fans, 1 Corn Sheller, one Threshing Machine, 1 Steam Hay Press, 1 Horse-power Hay Press, 1 Hand Hay Press, 1 Power